

64 PAGES OF NEW

# CAPTAIN MARVEL

ADVENTURES

10<sup>c</sup>  
No. 3  
FALL  
EDITION



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**MR. SCARLET**  
in WOW comics  
on sale about  
July ... 15th

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**BULLETMAN &  
BULLETGIRL**  
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YOUR WAY  
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**COMIC-LAND'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF HEROES!**

# CAPT MARVEL



IN THE MIDOUT OF MUSCLEY MEGGINS...  
PURCHER, BANK ROBBER IS HUNTER  
BY THE POLICE.

YOU BOYS  
KNOW WHY  
THE COPS  
NEVER GOT NO SURE,  
DO YOU?

MUSCLEY  
WE UNDER-  
STAND.

AND THE COPS  
KNOW EVEN  
BETTER  
THAN WE  
DO!



THERE'S NOT A CORNER  
LYING THAT CAN CATCH  
ME... AND IF THEY EVER  
DO I'LL TRUST THEM UP  
JUST LIKE I'M DOING  
THIS STEEL BAR.



MUSCLEY'S KNOWING AND  
WIDE FOR HIS BRUTE STRENGTH.

SO YOU BOYS RUN ON  
DOWN TO THE STATION  
AND GO TO WORK...  
WHILE I SITHERE  
AND CHEW THE  
HEADS OFF OF  
THESE NAILS!

GULP!  
SURE,  
MUSCLEY!



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THAT'S THE PLACE IS RIGHT... LET'S GO IN AND BUST 'EM WIDE OPEN!

THAT'S ALL DEPARTMENT BILLY

AT THE BROADCASTING STATION...



HAVE YOU GOT ALL OF YOUR NEWS REPORTS READY, BILLY?

YESSIR, MR. MORRIS. I'M READY TO GO ON THE AIR.

IN THE OFFICE OF STEPHEN MORRIS... HEAD OF THE BROADCASTING STATION.



HELLO, FOLKS. THIS IS BILLY BARTON, THE BOY RADIO REPORTER, BACK AGAIN WITH THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.



BOMBS RAINED OVER LONDON AGAIN LAST NIGHT AS...



... DREADED STRIKE BOMBERS STRUCK AGAIN, AND AGAIN AS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BLAZED AMONG FROM GROUND CREWS....

GEE! WHAT AN ANNOUNCER BILLY IS!

I WISH I COULD BE LIKE HIM SOME DAY!



DEAR PATTY GET YOUR HANDS UP!

WHY, WHY... I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION!

WHILE BACK AT THE OFFICE...



NO BACK TALK, PATTY. WE'RE TALKING OVER THE JOINT, UNDERSTAND?

WHY YOU...











WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO IMPLODE A STEEL BRICK... MUSCLELANDS A TERRIFIC BURNING MARVELS CHIN.















DOWN COMES CAPTAIN MARVEL... HE HITS THE GANG LEADER WITH THE IMPACT OF A SPEEDING TRAIN...

AGAIN THE TWO BEGIN SCRAMBLING AWAY WITH BLEEDING WOUNDING WOUNDS, THAT COULD EASILY BEAN AN URGENT CASE.



THEY SAY SOMEBODY'S FIGHTING "MUSCLE" MEN... I BET YOU'VE HEARD OF IT!

WELL HIRE! SOME FIGHT!

BELOW AN EXCITED THROGG GATHERS TO WATCH THE FIGHT...

WELL KNOWN IS THE REPUTATION OF MIGHTAINS... MAN OF MUSCLE... CLANK ROCKER... FING CRUMPLED STONES WITH HIS BARE FISTS, EVEN NOW THE LAW PREPARES TO CATCH HIS UNFORTUNATE VICTIM.



Above, MUSCLE'S GIFT FLYING SO WELL... HE'S ON THE SHORT END OF A SEVERE THROGGING.

GRAY, MISTER TOUGH GUY, I'M GOING TO HIT YOU SO HARD THAT YOUR OWN GANG WON'T KNOW YOU THEY WON'T WANT TO!



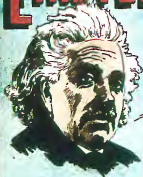
VERY SELDOM DOES MARVEL HAVE TO USE THIS MUNCH BUT WHEN HE DOES, NO MORTAL ALIVE CAN STAND UP UNDER IT EVEN THE STRONGEST STRUCTURE IN THE UNIVERSE WOULD SHAKE FITFULLY UNDER THE IMPACT.







# EINSTEIN -- Master



EINSTEIN IS PROBABLY  
THE GREATEST SCIENTIST  
THAT EVER LIVED.

HE PROVED THAT  
LIGHT IS THE FASTEST  
THING IN THE UNIVERSE,  
TRAVELING AT 186,300  
MILES PER SECOND.

IF WE COULD GO AS  
FAST AS LIGHT----

Albert Einstein  
BORN 1879

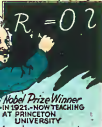


OUR SPACESHIP  
WOULD SQUEEZE  
TOGETHER LIKE AN  
ACCORDION!

# of Space and Time!

EINSTEIN ALSO PROVED THAT SPACE IS CURVED, AND THAT LIGHT BENDS!

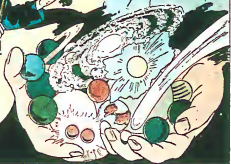
IF WE TRIED TO TRAVEL IN A STRAIGHT LINE AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT FOR BILLIONS OF YEARS, ...WE WOULD FIND OURSELVES RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED FROM.



Nobel Prize Winner  
IN 1921. NOW TEACHING  
AT PRINCETON  
UNIVERSITY



EINSTEIN PLAYS THE VIOLIN FOR RELAXATION, WHEN HIS HANDS TIRE OF HOLDING THE UNIVERSE IN THEIR PALMS.



# CAPT MARVEL

SIVANA... MAD SCIENTIST WHO  
WOULD RULE THE EARTH AND THE  
UNIVERSE WITH AN IRON HAND.  
RETURNED SINCE AGAIN TO ENDEAVOR  
HUMANITY... AND HIS FIRST  
DESIRE IS TO DESTROY THE MIGHT-  
TEST OF ALL MORTALS.....  
**CAPTAIN MARVEL!**

DID YOU CALL  
FOR ME, MR.  
MORRIS?

YES, BILLY. I  
WANT YOU TO GO  
DOWN AND COVER  
THE CAPTAIN  
MARVEL MOVIE.  
AND BROADCAST  
A PREVIEW.

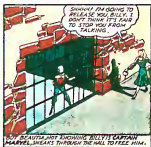
IN THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT  
MORRIS.





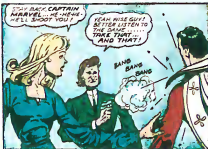
AT LAST, THEY ARRIVE AT SWANA'S MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT, FROM WHERE HE PLANS TO ATTACK AND CONQUER THE WORLD.







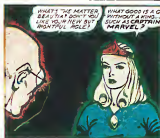










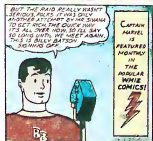












"**H**OW MANY TIMES I get you tell you not to show gum?" yelled Mr. Glodstein at his son. "It's bad enough, any-where, anytime, but in business, it's positively bad. I don't like it, and this is the last time I tell you about it. Do you hear me, Nathan?"

"Yes, father. I hear you."

"Well then—" The continuation of the elder Glodstein's tirade was nearly interrupted by the appearance of a customer in the outer office, and a customer took precedence over any and everything. While Glodstein, Sr., was busy with the customer, Nathan continued with his job of re-papering the loose diamonds.

Precious stones are put up in either cotton batting or in tiny pieces of fancy cloth, which in turn are put into a folded paper that strongly resembles the wrapper in which your druggist puts up his powders. These envelope-like papers are then filed in long narrow drawers. Through continued fingering these become soiled and tattered, and it was such that young Nathan was now replacing. He was sitting at a long table with a green top. At the end of this table was a large diamond scale, neatly housed in a glass case. This was so delicately balanced that it would weigh down to the hundredth part of a gram with the sharpest accuracy. In the far corner of the room stood the big safe, its door ajar, and literally crowded with those precious stone drawers.

Nathan had been in his father's business for two years. He had wanted to make painting his life's work, but he, like everyone else who fell under the power of Glodstein, Sr., did exactly as the old man directed.

The very successful diamond merchant had said:

"**FOOEE** with art. Is that a business? You come with me in my business." And that was that. Only in the matter of gum chewing had he disobeyed his father, and to date, gum had the better of it. An undercur-

rent of excitement ran through the office all day. The crowning achievement of the elder Glodstein's career as a great diamond merchant was about to be enacted. The fabulously valuable Mogul Diamond was to be shown and sold by Nathan's father that very day to one of America's richest men. The precious stone was that very minute setting in a case in a compartment of the safe in Nathan's office. The young man returned to the drawer he had just finished to his pigeon hole in the safe and was just about to take out another one, when his glance happened to fall upon the little leather case holding the Mogul Diamond. His father, having finished with the customer and having bowed her out, was just starting one of his famous tirades against the youth of the day.

"I tell you, Serem," he blurted into the long suffering ear of his junior partner, "this young generation is meschuge (crazy)—Gum chewink, cigarette smoking, sidewalk spitnik, **FOOEE!** These modern young peoples is just a lot of loafers, bummers, no goods—"

**NATHAN KNEW THAT** that blast against today's youth would run its course un-bow interrupted by a customer. He, therefore, hurriedly took the Mogul Diamond from its case, and adjusting a magnifying glass to his eye, was soon lost in examining its scintillating beauty. In one short hour this stone would be on its way to the rich man, and so Nathan was drinking in its glories to the full. The steady drone of his father's scolding continued. Nathan turned and turned the stone, hoping to find some tiny flaw, some wee misfit that had eluded all expert eyes. But no, with a sigh, he had to admit that here for once, was a perfect stone.

"**Sidle 'em up,**" rasped on the still enthralled young diamond enthusiast's ear. He quickly glanced up, and saw his father and partner backed against the wall with both hands reaching

to heaven. One hand-looking tough guy held a gun on them. Nathan could see out of the corner of his eye that a quickly moving shadow was thrown on the opaque glass door of his office, and instinctively knew that another of the gang was on his way here. The door knob was already turning. Nathan thought only of one thing—the Mogul Diamond.

"This is a stick-up," was barked in his ear. Before him stood a veritable giant of a man, fully six feet four or five high, and of incredible breadth and thickness. He reminded Nathan of the gorilla at the Zoo, and the lad was so scared that his tongue stuck to his palate. He tried to swallow, but all the moisture from his glands had dried up. He was standing, tightly gripping the edge of the table.

"Come on, you! **Serach 'em up!**" barked the giant, jerking Nathan from his support. Trembling like an aspen leaf, the youngster backed against the window.

"Get away from that window," came the command, "or I'll strip yer bean from yer stalk." Nathan jumped to the side wall, wasting no time.

"**Help!**" screamed his father, as his best behetro split the tense silence. Before he could offer an answer, however, a dull thud, accompanied by a general half choked sound, followed by the noise of a falling body, was broadcast to Nathan's agonized ears.

"One peep out o' you, an I'll give you worse than this guy got," snarled a voice from the outer office.

"Please, Mr. Belgas, I ain't sayink a word. Not one tiny little word," floundered back in the well-known voice of the junior partner of the firm.

"**Tie and stuff 'em both,**" roared the giant in Nathan's office. "We gotta work fast."

"**Okay Growler,**" came the answer from the other room. "I'll wrap 'em up." Nathan felt himself lifted bodily off his feet. His arms were jerked back with such force that the bones made a cracking sound. A wire

or rope, something that bit into the flesh as the giant pulled, was tied around his wrists. Nathan could feel the blood beat and surge against this sudden and unnatural barrier. In a jiffy his ankles were also tied, and just as the pain in his wrists became so great that he wavered to yell in agony, a great wad of fuzzy cotton was forced into his mouth, reaching back into his throat and almost choking him.

**THE BURGLAR THEN** went through all his pockets with expert thoroughness. Only a hidden thought had he had about the crook's search. He was then thrown into the corner, like a sack of meal, by the giant. He happened to roll over with his face towards the safe. The other crook now came in from the outer office, and the two busied themselves in stripping the safe of its rich contents.

"Them two guys in there had nothin' but a few bucks in their jeans," complained the new comer.

They dumped drawer after drawerful into a big zipper bag. Nathan made a rapid calculation of just what they were taking. That drawer held only money of less than half cent, the next contained larger notes, etc. When the giant finally picked up the Mogul Diamond case, Nathan held his breath. Would the burglar open it? Would he? No, the big crook just tossed the box into the waiting zipper bag.

A great knocking and banging sounded on the outside door.

"You locked it, didn't you, Stew?" nervously asked Growler.

"Sure I did," answered Stew. "But one o' these guys must have signalled the Holman service."

"Yeah?" snarled Growler. "Then let's croak 'em before we beat 'em." He made a step towards Nathan. The boy's heart nearly stopped.

"Don't be a sap!" snapped Stew, having the giant's way. "We gotta get out o' here." As though to accentuate this argument, the front door sent forth sounds of giving way as the police battered it down.

Like two wild animals at bay, the two robbers looked for an avenue of escape. The front door was, of course, out of the question. Stew poked his bullet shaped head out the window, and took a gander at all the possibilities. He threw back and mentioned to Growler.

"We gotta walk along the ledge till we get to the fire escape at the next office," slipped out Stew. "Come on, Growler, hurry up. There's no doubt as to who was the leader and the brains of this criminal combination. Stew crawled onto the window sill and started stepping along the wall coping with the agility of an ape. Growler hesitated a moment, then hurried through the window, just as the front door gave way with a loud crash. Nathan got just a glimpse of the Giant following Stew, who had gone ahead with the zipper bag.

Running feet followed the door crash, and soon Nathan was released from his bonds and from the terrible mouthful of fuzzy cotton. A cop was leaning out of the window, firing rapidly with his service revolver.

"I got one of 'em!" the cop called back. "The big one." A woman's scream came from the building across the court, and then a dizzy, heavy thud—way down to the ground, sixteen stories below. The cop jerked in his head.

"The big guy fell after I nicked him," he related with no more excitement than if he were talking about the time of day. "But," he added, "the little crook got away. Let's get up on the roof. That's where he disappeared to." The cops and their heavy feet rushed to the office.

Nathan's father, followed by his partner, hurried into the inner office. The older Glad-

stein took one look at the safe and sank into a nearby chair, moaning: "Woe is me! Woe is me!" His partner tried to comfort him.

"Vy make yourself sick, Nate?" he counselled. "Them sidecup business got de diamonds. De police vill catch the business. And if dey don't catch 'em so vat? Ain't we insured fully a good 100%, Nate? Answer me dot?" Nathan's father looked up at his partner, as though he must have heard wrong.

"Oy, thit I should have such a dummer for a partner! Insurance he talks about. Immoral! What about the Mogul Diamond? Have we got insurance on dot? Didn't the insurance Company refuse insurance on so valuable a stone?" Raising to his feet he pointed to the safe. "De you see the Mogul Diamond case in the safe? Ruined we are. Absolutely ruined!" With a half-whispered moan the partner leaned against the table in despair.

Nathan's face lit up with sudden remembrance. He rushed over to the back of the table, felt beneath it, and brought out a monster car stone securely imbedded in well chewed gum.

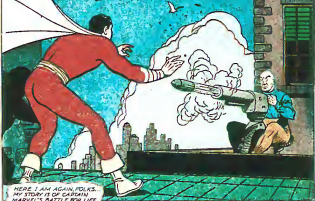
"Here is the Mogul Diamond, father," Nathan joyfully announced. "I managed to save it by sticking it in my gum under the table." The old man's eyes almost popped out of his head. When the full import of the situation had sunk into his befuddled brain, he turned to his partner with:

"Ain't I always told you, Sammy, the young peoples of today, they got the stuff. Be modern, Sammy, like my Nathan here. Get up to date, and you'll go places." Turning to his surprised son, he said: "Got a chunk gum on you, Nathan?"

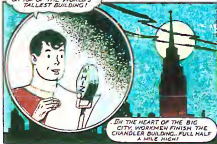
"Sure, father. Why?" quizzed the boy.

"Vy? Veil, vy dey no dip me a piece, eh? I can't never start chewink any younger."

# CAPT MARVEL



HERE I AM AGAIN, FOLKS. MY STORY IS OF CAPTAIN MARVEL'S BATTLE FOR LIFE ON TOP OF THE WORLD'S TALLEST BUILDING!



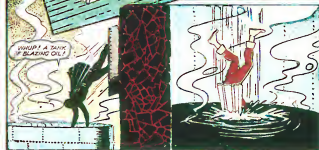
IN THE HEART OF THE BIG CITY, WORKMEN FINISH THE CHANDLER BUILDING... FULL HALF A MILE HIGH!

HERE WE ARE IN THE ROOFGARDEN OF THE CHANDLER BUILDING... AND MERCHANTLOR himself is going to address the world over the radio.









NO GOOD OUT OF  
HERE... I'LL MAKE ONE!

TAKES MORE THAN A  
FIRE TRAP TO FINISH  
CAPTAIN MARVEL

THAT GORTA KILLER WAS ACTING  
AT THE GARDEN OF A MASTER.  
THE MASTER KILLED HIM TO  
KEEP HIM SILENT MEANWHILE  
I'VE GOT A NEWS STORY TO  
CHASE..... SHAZAM!

THE ENDURANCE OF THE  
MIGHTIEST MORTAL WITH-  
STANDS THE HEAT....

AT THE OFFICE OF BRUCE  
CHANDLER, COUSIN AND HEIR  
OF THE SLAIN MAN....

YOU ARE THE HEIR TO THE  
CHANDLER BUILDING....  
WHAT WILL YOU DO?

I'M GOING TO CARRY ON MY  
COUSIN'S WORK, BUILD EVEN A  
HIGHER BUILDING \*AND I'LL  
FIND THOSE HUNDREDS  
OF MY NAME (AINT) BRUCE  
CHANDLER!

LATER....

THIS SOUNDS WOODEN...  
THE GORTAS LIVE IN CELLARS  
AND CAVES... THEY FROWN  
THEIR GODS IN THE HEAVENS  
DISLIKE HIGH HOUSES....

IF I COULD TRACE ANY  
GORTA GATHERING... HMM,  
MAYBE A BRILLIANT BLANK  
LIKE CAPTAIN MARVEL'S  
COULD RIG UP SOMETHING...  
SHAZAM!

**BOOM!**



THE ANSWER IS UNIVERSAL VIBRATIONS... IF I CAN ONLY KEY THIS RADIO UP TO A HIGH SENSITIVITY.

NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. I CAN HEAR VOICES AND SOUNDS NO RADIO EVER CARRIED.

PULL HIM TO DA CORP!  
YA UNDER ARREST  
SO SHE SEE TO HIM  
AND THEN HE SEE.

DEE DEE I DEE!  
CHOP! CHOP!

ANY ICE TO GAYLADY?

I SEEM TO HEAR EVERYTHING THAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD... WHAT I NEED IS TO TUNE IN ONLY ONE LITTLE SPOT...

BLA, BLA, BLA!

SEEEEEE!

WHAT'S TRUERS?

ANOTHER GOPTA! WE MEET TO-NIGHT IN OUR SECRET CELLAR BENEATH THE INDIA TREE HOTEL.

THERE I'VE GOT IT... A GOPTA MEETING GOING ON!

AFTER MUCH HARD WORK, THE RADIO BRINGS CAPTAIN MARVEL THE CLUE HE SEEKS.

HERE'S THE HOTEL, BUT I DON'T FIND ANY WAY TO THE CELLAR.

INDIA TREE  
HOTEL  
Serving Excellence

I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A WAY, BUT CAREFULLY OR THEY'LL HEAR.



MUST BE UNDER  
THE CELLAR NOW.



I CAME OUT RIGHT  
UNDER THE TABLE.



BROTHERS! THE ENEMY HAS BEEN  
SLAIN, BUT HIS KINGMAN SAYS HE  
WILL BUILD TO GREATER HEIGHTS!  
HIS SKYSCRAPERS WILL THREATEN  
THE GODS IN THEIR  
HIGH PLACES!

HE, TOO MUST  
BE DESTROYED!



NOT FOR OTHER BUILDERS  
WILL TAKE HIS PLACE!  
LET US DESTROY THE  
BUILDINGS THEMSELVES.  
KROME, ATTENTION!

SPEAK, MASTER,  
AND I OBEY!



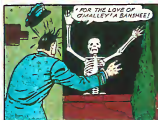
KROME, YOU WILL  
DESTROY THE  
SKYSCRAPER'S TOW,  
AS HIGH AS EXTENDS  
ABOVE THE PREVIOUS  
HIGH MARK.

THAT'S WHAT THEY  
THINK. MR. KROME  
WILL FIND HE HAS  
COMPANY ON HIS  
LITTLE JUNKET.



YES, HERE'S THE CEMENT  
FLOOR, SOFTLY NOW....





SURE, YOU'RE  
WELCOME TO  
THE JOB!

SO THAT'S WHY  
HE'S LEAVING...  
A BONEYARD!



KIND OF UNDER-  
EQUIPPED FOR A  
SCRAPER, AREN'T  
YOU, DUD?



COME CLOSE!  
LET'S GET  
ACQUAINTED!



AN, STRINGS! SOMEBODY  
WAS OPERATING THIS  
BOOGLEY TO SCARE  
AWAY ANY WATCH-  
MEN, WHAT'S THAT?

THIS IS YOUR  
DESTRUCTION,  
WISE GUY!



I COME TO WRECK  
THIS BUILDING. I'LL  
WRECK YOU TOO!

OH, YOU WANT TO  
PLAY CATCH?



THIS IS  
THE END!





BUT CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS ANNOUNCED THAT HE'LL HUNT DOWN THE MEN RESPONSIBLE THAT'S ALL FOR NOW... BILLY BATSON SIGNING OFF!

WHO IS THIS CAPTAIN MARVEL?



I HEARD THE QUESTION. CAPTAIN MARVEL HAS DESTROYED TWO OF OUR NUMBER. WE MUST HAVE REVENGE.

OUR MASKED LEADER!



HE WILL LOOK FOR GIVES... SEE THAT HE FINDS SOME, AND THAT THEY LEAD HIM INTO OUR SNARE!

IT SHALL BE DONE.



I REALLY HELPED WRECK THIS BUILDING... IT'S UP TO ME TO SQUARE THINGS.



HERE'S THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BLAST ME DEAD... WHAT'S IN HIS POCKET?



A BAPER WITH NEWS OF A MEETING!

MEETING OF THE COPTAS AT TOUW HOER STREET TUESDAY.













# STRANGE *but* TRUE



## THE YOUNG **HEAD HUNTER**

OF THE NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES HAD TO PROVE HIS SKILL AND COURAGE AS A SUITOR TO HIS LADYLOVE, *BY TAKING AT LEAST ONE HUMAN HEAD!* WHEN THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED, HE WAS ALLOWED TO WEAR A RING AROUND HIS NECK AS AN EMBLEM OF HIS *TRUHPH!*

**SEVEN FEET IS A SAFE DISTANCE FROM A SNAKE...** THE RATTLESNAKE SELDOM MEASURING MORE THAN SEVEN FEET LONG, CAN STRIKE TWO-THIRDS ITS LENGTH



IT IS THE TASK OF THE MALE

## SEA HORSE

TO BRING FOOD TO THE YOUNG! THE FEMALE DEPOSITS HER EGGS INTO THE MALE POUCH, WHERE FOOD TO FIFTY DAYS ARE REQUIRED FOR THEM TO MATURE... AFTER THIS 75% THE MALE, SUFT EATING THEM!

## WALLY WONDERS



WOULD A BOX FULL OF SAND WEIGH AS MUCH AS THE SAME BOX FULL OF MARBLES?

**ANS. IT WOULD WEIGH MORE!**

## WITH THE **ALBATROSS**

IT IS GOOD FORM TO BOW ELABORATELY DURING COURTSHIP! IF A MAN VENTURES AMONG THEM AT THIS TIME AND BOWS TO AN ALBATROSS, HE STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF HAVING THE COMPLIMENT RETURNED!



# CAPT MARVEL



THE MYSTIC RITZ DOZAN WILL TRANSFORM BILLY BATSON, BOY BIRD REPORTER, INTO CAPTAIN MARVEL... WHO AGAIN FIGHTS WITH TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AND BRILLIANT FIT AGAINST A DEADLY DANGER TO HUMANITY....

THE BEAST RULER  
WAS HARD TO BELIEVE  
IN... AND HARDER  
TO BATTLE!



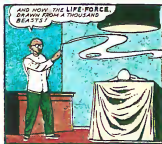
IN THE SECRET LABORATORY  
OF SWANA, MAD MASTER OF  
GREAT KNOWLEDGE.



NOW WITHIN  
HOURS, I WILL  
ADVANCE THE  
WORLD'S SCIENTIFIC  
KNOWLEDGE BY  
CENTURIES!

MAN IS AN IMPERFECT  
CREATURE... I WILL  
CREATE SOMETHING  
THAT COMBINES THE  
POWERS OF MANY  
ANIMALS.





I LOOK LIKE A MAN,  
BUT MY HEART IS  
A FEMALE! **AND**  
I HATE MEN!



WONDER WHAT SHE'S  
DOING? I OUGHT TO  
KEEP AN EYE ON HER.

STURMA  
LABORATORY  
KEEP  
OUT!



WHOOOOO! I'M  
CLEARING OUT  
OF HERE!

WHAT  
GOES ON?



COME, FRIENDS!  
I AM ONE OF  
YOU... I SET  
YOU FREE!



ONLY ONE WAY  
TO HANDLE THIS!  
**SHAZAM!**



**BOOM!**



A BRILLIANT FLASH OF  
LIGHTNING AND...

I'LL MAKE A MONKEY  
OF YOU, MY FRIENDS!



**CAPTAIN MARVEL SMASH!**

THERE... YOU'RE  
ALL WRAPPED UP  
IN EACH OTHER!

WHO DARES  
DO THIS TO  
THE FRIENDS  
OF THE  
BEAST-FREE!



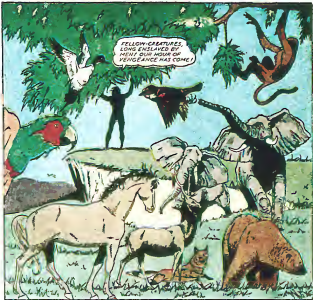












I WAS MADE A MAN, BUT MY FLESH AND BRAIN AND HEART ARE BEAST-TOO-STRANGE \* I HAVE COME TO WIN THE HUMAN RACE FROM EARTH, AND LET ANIMALS RULE.

THE STRONG AMONG US SHALL FIGHT... THE WEAK SHALL SCOUT!



YOU CAME AT MY CALL... IT PROVES YOU WANTED A LEADER...

I WANT TO SNEAK HEARD, BUT I'M PRETTY BIG TO HIDE SHAZAM!







NEVER MIND ASKING QUESTIONS—  
SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR THIS FIGHT!



THAT'S RIGHT! IF  
YOU'RE AN ANIMAL,  
GET DOWN AND CRAWL!



I GO... BUT  
DON'T THINK  
YOU ARE  
WINNING!



THAT CRAWLING IS TO  
SMALL FOR YOU TO  
CRAWL THROUGH.  
YOU ARE TRAPPED!



I HOPED YOU'D TRY  
THAT... YOU'VE MADE  
THE CAVERN COLLAPSE  
ON YOU.

WHAT THE ?



EVEN SO, YOU CAN'T FIND  
YOUR WAY OUT OF  
THESE CAVES! GOOD-  
BYE... I GO TO MOBIL-  
IZE MY ARMY!

I'M NOT DEAD  
YET, YOU ANT-  
HORN BUNK!



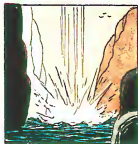












# BIGGER AND BETTER!

## THAT'S WHIZ AND MASTER COMICS

Featuring

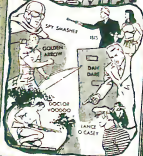
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Acclaimed by the MOVIES as  
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CAPT  
MARVEL

# WHIZ



BULLETMAN  
& BULLETGIRL

# MASTER



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All Thrill to the DOUBLE-BARREL  
Action in MASTER COMICS Star-  
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# A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE

THAT'S WHAT  
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ILLUSTRATED  
OFFERS EVERY  
LIVE-WIRE BOY

10 MECHANIX  
ILLUSTRATED

10 MECHANIX  
ILLUSTRATED

CARON MADE  
WITH EASYCUT

THE  
GAMING STRATEGY  
MAGAZINE

10 MECHANIX  
ILLUSTRATED

10 MECHANIX  
ILLUSTRATED

Four  
Illustrations  
4  
IN ONE

STEPS—HOW TO BUILD  
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